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A VOICE
FROM THE DUMB.
—
W. SLEIGHT.

THE MANUAL ALPHABET.



A VOICE FROM THE DUMB.

A M E M O I R

OF

JOHN WILLIAM LASHFORD.

BY WILLIAM SLEIGHT,

HEAD MASTER OF THE BRIGHTON INSTITUTION FOR THE
DEAF AND DUMB.

T H I R D T H O U S A N D .

“Open thy mouth for the Dumb.” Prov. xxxi. 8.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In sending forth a third Edition of this little Memoir, the Committee desire to express their gratitude to God for the benefit which has accrued to the Institution from the sale of the two previous Editions, and they feel that they cannot better advocate the cause of the Society under their management than by giving to the Public and the Friends of the Institution an authentic narrative which shews in so striking a manner the great value of Education to these afflicted children ; and they trust that it may be the means, under God, of bringing many a child under instruction, who would otherwise have been neglected or overlooked.

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I N D E X .

CHAP. I.

	PAGE.
Difficulties attending his admission into Institution.— Commencement of Education.—Remarks on the Death of his Brother.—Benefit of Education to the Deaf and Dumb.—Necessity of bringing the Deaf and Dumb early under Instruction.— Observations on Signing.—First Composition.— Interesting notice in Visiting Ladies' Report Book	9

CHAP. II.

First Letter.—Letter to Miss B.—Another Letter to the same.—Letter to a lady who had formerly been Honorary Secretary to the Institution.— Another Letter to Miss B.—Ideas before Educa- tion.—Anecdote	21
---	----

CHAP. III.

Great esteem for the Word of God.—Application of Scripture to surrounding objects.—Notice in Visiting Ladies' Book.—Composition on the Lion.—Sentences from Exercise Book.—Letter to a Friend	33
---	----

INDEX.

CHAP. IV.

	PAGE.
Letter to Mrs. W.—Letter to Miss H.—Another Letter to Mrs. W.—Last Letter.—Sympathy for the poor Irish and Scotch.—Reverence for the Sabbath.—Trial.—Renewed peace.—Examination at Hastings.—Last visit to the Institution. .	46

CHAP. V.

Various Conversations during illness.—His receiving the Sacrament.—Notice in the Visiting Ladies' Book.—His Death	64
---	----

CHAP. VI.

Letter from Mrs. E. to Mr. Sleight.—Letter and little Sermon referred to by Mrs. E.—Extract from a Letter received from Mrs. C. W.—Letter from the Rev. J. S.—Extract of a Letter from Miss C.—Extract from Miss B's. Letter	84
--	----

CHAP. VII.

Letter and Anecdote from the Rev. J. C. F. T.—A few of his Compositions.—Texts extracted from his Note Book	97
---	----

P R E F A C E .

The following pages have been drawn up, in accordance with the wishes of many friends of the Brighton and Sussex Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; and also with the view of placing on record the wonderful dealings of the Lord toward one "smitten and afflicted," as manifested in the case of John William Lashford, late a pupil in that School,—of whose future success and usefulness great hopes had been entertained in the minds of those friends who had long noticed his exemplary conduct and by whom he was much beloved.

In the blighting of these hopes, by the early removal of this excellent and much-

esteemed youth, it can only be said—"God's ways are not as our ways;" and, doubtless, if we calmly wait the unfolding of the secret things which belong unto Him, we shall have abundant cause to acknowledge, "He doeth all things well."

Perhaps this little Memoir may fall into the hands of some who have never before had a knowledge of, or taken any interest in this afflicted portion of their fellow-creatures, (and surely there are none who have a stronger claim upon our sympathy than the Deaf and Dumb;) to those we would say,—there are in the United Kingdom between 14,000 and 15,000 Deaf and Dumb persons, who if left uneducated, must live and die "without hope and without God in the world," "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart." *Eph. iv. 18.*

“In urging the importance of Educating the Deaf and Dumb, as a means of salvation, we do not presume to set limits to the mercy of God; nor do we mean to decide on the final state of those who die without having had it in their power to become acquainted with the Scriptures. It is enough for us to know that the ‘Judge of all the earth will do right,’ and that he has told us that ‘That servant which knew his lord’s will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes: but he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes.’ We only urge obedience to what appears to be the will of Him who, as if to include every possible case that could occur in this our fallen world, commissioned His apostles, and consequently His people in all after ages, saying, ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to

every creature.' In this commission no exception is made; on it, therefore, we are content to rest the claims of the Deaf and Dumb to be educated, for 'How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not read, and how shall they read without a teacher.' "

MEMOIR.

CHAP. I.

Difficulties attending admission into Institution.—Commencement of Education.—Remarks on the Death of his Brother.—Benefit of Education to the Deaf and Dumb.—Necessity of bringing the Deaf and Dumb early under Instruction.—Observations on Signing.—First Composition.—Interesting notice in Visiting Ladies' Report Book.

It is now (May, 1848,) five years and six months since John William Lashford was received into the Brighton and Sussex Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. There was some difficulty in obtaining his admission, as he was beyond the age specified in the rules of the Institution; and his appearance, at that time, gave but little hope of his ever being able to make much progress in mental improvement. Nevertheless, the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Committee were reluctant

to close the doors of the Institution entirely against one who, they all felt, could never have the least hope of gaining entrance into any other Institution or School, where he could have the benefit of Education. It was therefore agreed that he should be taken in on probation, for three months. An agreement, at which, all who formed that Committee have, again and again, had occasion to rejoice; especially those whose hearts the Lord first drew towards this poor boy, and whose sympathy and care watched over him, even to the last.

EDUCATION.

It would naturally be supposed that a boy having lived to the age of thirteen, entirely shut out from all around him, being unable to communicate his own, or to receive the ideas of others, and never having felt the necessity of performing any duty, though his parents were in humble circumstances,—would find great reluctance in commencing a course of study, the difficulty of which, it is utterly impossible for those to enter into or understand who have never known the want of those faculties, by which we are hourly acquiring

knowledge, being blessed with the full use of the organs of hearing and speech. Still it cannot be said that this was the case with him : and, although his progress at first was very slow, he persevered, adding word to word ; and when, a few months after his admission into the Institution, he returned to his parents, he was delighted to shew them how much he was able to write, and that he had not spent his time in vain. At this period, a little brother of his died, and he was permitted to attend the funeral. He had several times expressed, by signs, that his brother had gone to heaven, and that he would be very happy there. When at home, seeing his parents weeping, he looked about the room, and found a hymn book ; and, although at this time he knew no part of speech but the noun, still he was anxious to administer some comfort to his bereaved parents ; and, on looking through a few pages, he found the word *body*, which he shewed to his mother, pointing to the coffin in which the body of his brother was laid. On searching a little further, he found the word *soul*, then he found *heaven*, and then *Jesus*. He now pointed to the dead body again, and signed that it must be

put into the grave; and then he pointed to the word *soul*, and signed that it would not go there, for it had gone to dwell in heaven, with Jesus. Nothing could show more fully than this little incident, how painful must be the position of a Deaf Mute, when entirely uneducated. Without language, and without having had any exercise in expressing himself by signs, he is shut out from all around him, having no common medium of communication. And again, how apparent is the benefit of even a little instruction, when we see that after a few months' teaching, this poor boy was able to express so much merely by picking out a few nouns, and then filling up the sentence by signs. Those who have known anything of the difficulties which the Deaf and Dumb have to surmount, before they are at all able to make use of language, even in its most simple form, notwithstanding they may have a perfect knowledge of hundreds of words when written singly,—will at once see that this was no common mind which could turn so limited a knowledge of language to such account.

I might here just mention another interesting circumstance of a similar kind, which

occurred about three months subsequent to the one just mentioned. During the holidays, he visited one of his school-fellows, a sweet-minded boy, who died in the Institution. A few hours before he died, Lashford signed to one of the Committee Ladies, who was in the room, that his little school-fellow would soon die, and that his body would be put in the grave, but that his soul would go to heaven and dwell with Jesus. He thought very much about this little boy, and often signed about him for years afterwards. It must be borne in mind that, at this time, he was not able to construct the most simple sentence in language. His only means of expressing himself was by writing, or spelling the substantive on his fingers, and then signing the rest, which he did so perfectly, that few who would give their attention were at a loss to know his meaning. Still, at the best, I am well aware that signing is but a very poor substitute for speech, especially with those who have not been accustomed to this mode of communication; and it does indeed shew us how necessary it is that these afflicted children should be brought under proper instruction as early as possible, and taught, so as to be able

to express themselves in language which all may understand.

It is commonly thought that the Deaf and Dumb are chiefly occupied at School in learning signs, and that it is impossible for those to converse with them who do not know the signs used in the Institutions. But this is not the case. The Deaf and Dumb have signs of their own, by which they could easily make themselves understood, on all common subjects, if those among whom they are placed would give them their attention. It too often happens however, that by a shake of the head, or a wave of the hand, the child is put on one side without noticing what he has to say; and thus his temper is irritated and spoiled, and as he grows older he becomes jealous and passionate. Hence the character so universally given to the Deaf and Dumb. But when he is placed early under instruction, he is as easily brought into discipline and order as another child, and no perceivable difference is exhibited in his temper. The truth of their being able to communicate by means of natural signs is especially seen where there are more than one Deaf and Dumb child in a family.

I have seen two children from the same family who were able to converse with each other, previous to having had any instruction, almost as quickly as two with all their faculties. Natural signs, or mimic language, is so much delighted in by the Deaf and Dumb, that unless it were in some measure restrained, it would become their only mode of communication. The great object and the greatest difficulty the teacher has, is to give his pupils a knowledge of written language, and to train up and educate him generally, so that he may go forth into the world possessed of a channel of intercourse with his fellow creatures, and prepared to meet those vicissitudes to which all are subject in this changeable and ever changing world; and above all, to point his steps to that Saviour who when he was upon earth not only gave speech to the Dumb and hearing to the Deaf, but who also said, "I go to prepare a place for you; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Again, there are those who think that the Deaf and Dumb have only to learn the manual alphabet and the mechanical art of writing to enable them to carry on a conversation, and they

will spell or write a long question to a child who has only been a few months under instruction, expecting that as the child knows the finger alphabet and is able to write, he can of course give them an answer. But a moment's reflection will convince them how utterly impossible it is for a child born Deaf to arrive at a knowledge of written language in so short a time. It is true he knows the letters; but letters convey no ideas to us unless we are previously acquainted with language. It is difficult for those who have not been much with them, to see the real position of the Deaf and Dumb. They are generally compared with the Blind, or with some other class of sufferers; but there can be no comparison between those who are blessed with hearing and speech, the ordinary means of intercourse, and those who are, as it were, cut off from society, and left in the midst of a busy world, to dwell alone and in silence.

After having learnt the names of all common objects and their classification, the teacher then endeavours to lead the mind of his pupil to a knowledge of adjectives, or the qualities of objects; and thus he is led on, from one part of speech to another, by a slow but in-

teresting process, which increases in difficulty at every stage. The first compositions of the Deaf and Dumb are generally so confused, that none but those who teach them can see their ideas. But Lashford, from the first, so expressed himself, that any one might comprehend his meaning.

I have by me a piece of composition; the first he ever wrote, and which I will here introduce. I am aware that it exhibits nothing very great; still it is interesting, even in its simplicity, and in a striking manner shews the turn of his mind. It may be necessary, in order to understand his meaning, to say that he had the charge of a little boy, who slept in his room; and that, during the night, the child had a bad fit of coughing, and the Matron feeling anxious about him, had him taken into her own room. When Lashford awoke in the morning, and missed the boy, he was very much alarmed, and thought some one had run away with him. He wrote the following little account, and brought it to me. I give it entirely in his own words:—

“I was stripping Frederick Wright out of his clothes, and I prayed to God for him. I

was putting him lay in the bed last night, and I was stripping out of my clothes, and I prayed to God, and I lay asleep in the bed. The servant took F. Wright out of a bed and went up the stairs into the bed-room. And I was awaking out of a bed, and I was seeking in a bed for F. Wright, and I lost him."

Thus it will be seen, that the very first time that ever he expressed his thoughts in writing, was to disclose the fact, that he had prayed to God for his little mute companion.

About this time, I find there are one or two interesting notices of this dear boy in the Visiting Ladies' Report Book; which I will take the liberty of introducing here, without note or comment.

"October, 1843. Another pleasing instance occurred, in the boy Lashford's very appropriate application of a text he had found himself. Looking at a small picture describing Hagar's distress in the wilderness, he immediately wrote on his slate, 'In my distress I cried unto the Lord.' This text he must have learned from a little text book which he has, and of which he is very fond."

"March, 1844. On being shown some

engravings of animals, in which the larger and fiercer ones were attacking the feebler and more harmless,—he looked at them for a few minutes, and then spelt on his fingers, ‘God made them all,’ and waited anxiously for a reply, to solve a difficulty which appeared to him to question the wisdom and goodness of Him who had created them. The Lady who had shewn him the engraving, reminded him that God had made Adam and Eve *good*; but when, by disobedience, they became *bad*, the curse of God fell upon every thing, and all became *bad*. He immediately made the sign for ‘yes,’ which he repeated two or three times, and then spelled ‘*sin bad*,’ as though he would have said, “and that is the cause of all that is bad.” The next day, the subject appeared to be still in his mind; and on seeing the same Lady, he brought her a picture of Daniel in the lions’ den, and shewed her that the lions there had their mouths shut, and then spelled, ‘God shut their mouths, for Daniel was a good man.’ She told him that when Jesus Christ returned to this world, the curse would be done away with, and the animals would no longer be fierce, and tear one another.

He immediately asked her if that was in the Bible. She replied, yes; upon which, he ran for one, and begged her to find it for him. She shewed him Isaiah xi. and remarked she should never forget the eagerness with which he read the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th verses, especially that which says, 'A weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.' He pointed to a picture of a cockatrice, which was in the room, and signed, 'It would sting him *now*, were he to put his hand on it; but *then* a little child would not be afraid of it!'—holding his hand about two or three feet from the ground, to shew the height of the child; and then went to tell one of his little companions what he had just learnt."

CHAP. II.

First Letter.—Letter to Miss B.—Another Letter to the same.—Letter to a Lady who had formerly been Honorary Secretary to the Institution.—Another Letter to Miss B.—Ideas before Education.—Anecdotes.

The following, his first Letter, was written to the Matron of the Institution, from Balcombe, where he had gone, to spend his holidays with his aunt :—

“ Balcombe, July 18, 1844.

My dear Matron,

I am happy to write a Letter to you. I have a pen. I am happy you are reading in it. I did go to church with Benjamin J. and other some bad men laughed in it; and the clergyman taught to people, and other some men nodded at him. I was climbing up to in a tree to see some oxen leaped over a hedge, to ran to under trees in rain. A farmer

took some hares out of traps, and killed them. Cousins were glad to see me was coming from Brighton. They went to Mrs. S. I was happy to see her. I am very well. I cannot catch many hares; they ran into holes. E. S. was falling off the stool, and tore chin with the nail of the corner shelf; and I was help to take up her, and she wept. M. gave snuff to me, and I was snuffing my nose, and I was sneezing and make nose bleed;—she was laughing at me. Chickens sprang out of the broken eggs. They lay in the wings of a hen as warm. I was bowing to two ladies, and one of them gave four-pence to me, and I was thanking her.

I am, remain,

Affectionate Son,

J. W. LASHFORD."

There are few things more interesting than to watch the gradual developement of a Deaf and Dumb child's mind; and the delight he experiences is very great, when he is able to express his own thoughts in language.

The following is a Letter which he wrote to a Lady who had formerly been on the Committee, but who had left Brighton. She had

taken great interest in him, from his first admittance into the Institution, and had for a long time previous to leaving the town given him lessons in drawing, in which he made great progress; and, although at a distance, her interest did not slacken, for he was constantly receiving little tokens of regard from her.

“ Dear Miss B——,

I am glad to write a Letter for you. I am thanking you, Madam, for you kind to me, and you teach me to draw good. I was much sorry to lost you, and I was telling Mrs. B. you are living in Southampton; and I shall be glad to see you. Miss F. will see you in London; she will go to London from Brighton; and she was buying the new books, and she was carrying them in her bag, and she was coming to in the street, in Brighton. She went up the steps to the Institution, and she was knocking at the door, and Mrs. B. heard it, and she went and opened the door; and Miss F. was talking her, and she was going through door, up the stairs, into the school-room, and the girls courtesied to her, and she gave two new books to Susan Greenfield and I,

and we thanked her. You sent them. S. M. told me you will be coming four months to Brighton, and the girls courtesied her. She was opening my new book, and I was reading in it, and I liked it. Miss W. came to in the street, and she went up the steps to the Institution, and she was opening the door, and she went through the door to up the stairs into the school-room, and she saw the Deaf and Dumb children bowed her, and she was talking Mr. Sleight, and I arose from my seat and I bowed to her, and I was bringing the drawings and the brown board, and I took them to down the stairs into parlour with her, and I was putting them on the table, and I was shutting the door, and I sat on a chair near the table, and I was drawing a fisherman with a boy on the paper with her. Miss W. came to see the Deaf and Dumb children this morning, and she told me give her love to Miss B.

I remain, dear Madam,

Your obedient Servant,

JOHN WILLIAM LASHFORD."

Another Letter to the same.

“My dear Miss B———,

I write a Letter to tell you I thank you for your Letter. I am happy to write you. I hope you are very well. I had a Letter from Lady G. and her son died at India. You know her. I can draw very well. Miss W. does not teach me to draw now. A gentleman does teach me to draw, and he can draw better than me. Miss C. W. did give money to him for teaching me to draw, and I thanked her very much. A tall girl came from West Indies to the Institution, and she is Deaf and Dumb. I am taller than her, and her name is Mary Ann Ellis, and her father is a soldier in the West Indies. The Master teaches her to spell with her fingers. Some women and men come to the Institution, and they are Deaf and Dumb, and they can read very well; and the Master teaches them about God, by signs, and he taught them to pray to God, and he taught them about David and Jesus Christ on every Sunday. I hope you would like to see them. You know Eliza Goodall,—and she is very well. My Bible told me that Jesus came from

heaven, who died to save all sinners, and he is in heaven with God. I will pray to God for you. I hope you will not forget me. I was sorry for not seeing you. God takes care of you. God blesses and loves you. End.

I am,
Your affectionate Friend,
JOHN WILLIAM LASHFORD."

Doubtless, these first attempts at composition will elicit a smile; but when we consider, that only two years before, he was not possessed of a single word, we are at a loss to know how the mind of one heretofore so completely shut up in darkness, had in any way been enabled to use language so as to give expression to his thoughts and feelings.

The following is a Letter written to a Lady who had filled the office of Honorary Secretary to the Institution, but had been compelled to resign it, on account of her leaving Brighton.

"Deaf and Dumb Institution,
March 20th, 1845.

Dear Madam,

I write a Letter to tell you I thank you, Madam. I hope you are very well. You

will be glad to see me. I am happy to write to you, Madam. I was very weak;—I am very well. Miss B. has gone to Leamington, and I was sorry for her much. I hope she will be coming. She was drawing with me. Miss M. gave a new Bible me. And I said, thank her, Madam, very much, because she loves the Deaf and Dumb children much. Ladies and Gentlemen come to see the Deaf and Dumb children, and they gave them buns. Some good people pray to God; God loves them:—some bad people do not pray to God.

I read in the Bible that Jesus Christ had ascended into heaven. I love him. He is now in heaven. The wicked people buy and sell on the Sunday. The Deaf and Dumb children returned to School last August. The Master teaches to them. Some Deaf and Dumb men and women, came to School last Sunday, and he reads in a large prayer book, on the desk, and teaches to them. I am remaining in Institution. God blesses to you, Madam.

I remain,

Your affectionate Friend,

JOHN W. LASHFORD."

Another Letter to Miss B——

“Deaf and Dumb Institution,
Jan. 19th, 1846.

My dear Friend,

I am glad to write this Letter to you. I thank you, Madam, very much, for sending me a nice dictionary of the English language,—and I like it very much. I am very well, and happy at School, always. I pray for you always. I am sorry to not see you for a long time, and I wish you not to remain at Leamington. I shall not forget to pray to God for you. We are glad to have a cake from you, and we ate it, and we said, ‘Thank Miss B. very much for it, and we send our love to her.’ Susan M. says she thanks Miss B. very much for giving her a nice dictionary of the English language, and she likes it very much; and she sends her love to her, and she will write a Letter for you.

We went to Lewes, and were examined in the County Hall there, when there were Ladies and Gentlemen in it, to see us examined there; but you did not go there and see us examined. Mr. and Mrs. Sleight are very well, and they teach us every day, and they love us always,

and they are very kind to us always. I wish to love and obey them. We go home every June, and are greatly glad to see our parents; and we return to School every August. And we must learn our lessons every day, and we must learn of God and Jesus Christ, and we must try to love God always and loathe evil, and we are better. I wish to pray to God to make us good always. Some new pupils came to School last summer, and we were glad to see them. I am better draw than I was drawing when you were with me; but Mr. W. did not come to teach me to draw yet, and I must try to draw very much of myself. It was kind of Mrs. W. to come to see us last week; and she told me that she did not hear of Miss B. a long time, and perhaps she will write a Letter for Miss B. Have you told Miss C. that J. W. Lashford knew her who came to see the Deaf and Dumb children examined at Brighton? and she is a Scotch Lady. I send my best love to you, and God blesses you and save you.

I remain,

Your affectionate Friend,

J. W. LASHFORD."

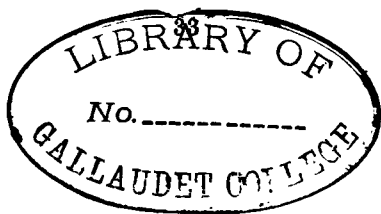
I might here just mention, in passing, that Letters written by a Deaf and Dumb pupil, after he has been about three years under instruction, should be read principally with a view of gathering his ideas.

I remember, about this time, as he was able to express himself pretty well upon all common subjects, being anxious to know something of what his thoughts were before coming to School I was the more desirous of knowing *his* ideas, for this reason;—that he was, as it has been said, thirteen years old previous to having had any instruction, and though entirely shut up within himself during these years, he had evidently been a thinking boy. I asked him what he imagined made the wind blow;—he replied, he thought it was some man with a very large bellows, for he could make a great deal of wind with his mother's bellows, and he thought it must be a very, very large bellows that made great winds. I then asked him his idea of the moon;—he said he believed that it was a very large ball of fire, which was put up by some man; and that one night he thought he saw it on the top of a hill, and he walked up the hill, thinking that when he

got to the top he should be close to it, and he was much astonished to find that when he arrived there he seemed no nearer than before. I put numerous questions to him at different times, with a view to find out whether he had any real knowledge of a Supreme Being, or whether he had formed any superstitious notions in his own mind respecting God; but I could never discover that he had formed any idea, either real or superstitious, respecting there being but one Ruler and Governor of the universe, by whom all things were made.

His natural disposition will, in some measure, be illustrated by the following little Anecdotes. On his first coming to School, if ever a quarrel arose between him and any of his companions, he would not fight or shew much passion at the time, but would take the first opportunity of secretly destroying or hiding something belonging to them. One evening, a little boy had offended him at play: next morning the child's socks were missing; and although every enquiry was made, and every effort used, we could not discover who had taken them. A few months afterwards however, during a heavy shower of rain, the socks fell down the chimney covered

with soot. On another occasion, having broken and buried a comb which belonged to a school-fellow, it was with the greatest difficulty he was brought to confess it. He afterwards remarked, he did not know that it was wrong to steal or lie, if he could do so without being found out; and I shall never forget when he wrote this, how beautifully his countenance brightened up when he added, "I did not know then, but now I know that God hath commanded and said, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"



CHAP. III.

Great esteem for the Word of God.—Application of Scripture to surrounding objects.—Notice in Visiting Ladies' Book.—Composition on the Lion.—Sentences from Exercise Book.—Letter to a Friend.

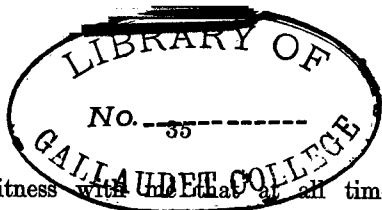
It was a usual occurrence with him, after being informed any thing was wrong, to ask, "Is it in the Bible?" and when the passage was pointed out, it was beautiful to see his sweet smile, accompanied by a gentle nod of acquiescence. No further argument, no greater proof, did he ever want, than his Bible afforded. The Word of God was, indeed, all in all to him.

He had now a Bible of his own, which he read daily,—I might almost say hourly. And, considering the limited knowledge of language he possessed, it was quite astonishing to see the facility with which he could refer to passages touching upon any subject about which I might be signing. He shewed great plea-

sure in reading the Bible, long before I could possibly think that he was sufficiently acquainted with language to understand even the most simple passages; but how truly was the Scripture fulfilled in him which saith, "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple." Ps. cxix. 130.

At this time, he was very fond of seeking out and writing down the different titles of Christ; and he would make lists, of the various miracles wrought by our Lord,—the names of the Apostles and Evangelists,—with any little circumstance connected with them that he might have understood on trying to read over their history, as related in the gospels. And truly it was the delight of his soul; for, after he was able to read the Bible, *we never knew him go to bed without it*. I have, many a time, gone into his bed-room in the morning, and found him reading it long before the hour for rising. He always kept a piece of paper in his Bible, on which to write words he did not understand; he would then bring them to me, to have them fully explained.

There are many, very many, into whose hands this little Memoir will fall, who can



bear witness with me that at all times he preferred and manifested the greatest pleasure towards those who would take the trouble to give him any instruction on Scriptural subjects; and to many it has proved a season both of delight and profit. The questions asked, the answers given, and the remarks made by him, have been such as to excite feelings of astonishment and admiration. His application of the Word of God to surrounding objects was at times, signally beautiful; as the following little circumstance will shew. One morning, seeing several new plants in the window, one of which was a rose tree he turned to Mrs. S. and signed that they were very beautiful; and, after admiring them for a few minutes, he then spelt on his fingers that, in Solomon's Song, Jesus was called the Rose of Sharon,—and, looking very inquiringly at her, he said, 'Why?' and when she explained to him that it was a red and white rose, which grew in great abundance, and was greatly admired for its beauty and extreme fragrance, he immediately saw how sweet and beautiful an emblem it was of Jesus Christ.

Figurative language is at all times peculi-

arly difficult for the Deaf and Dumb to understand; but his discerning mind would not rest satisfied with a superficial knowledge, but would fully trace out the resemblance between the type and the anti-type.

It was most interesting to watch the persuasive influence he exercised over the minds of his young companions. One fine Sunday morning, as he and the boys were standing under the shade of a sycamore tree, which grew at the bottom of their play-ground, he was observed telling them by signs, that once there was a rich man who wished to see Jesus, but he was very little, and could not see him, there were so many people; and he climbed up a tree like the one they stood beneath, so that he might see Jesus. Thus they were constantly receiving practical lessons from him.

One of the Committee Gentlemen (Mr. B.) brought some of his friends to see the children. He asked Lashford which he would like best,—to draw, or to teach the Deaf and Dumb. He replied, “To draw.” Mr. B. then asked “Which do you think God would like best?” A slight flush came over his face, and he immediately wrote “God would like me to

teach the Deaf and Dumb best;" and signed, what he had often expressed before, that he should like to be a Missionary to the Deaf and Dumb.

On the 2nd of May, 1846, a Gentleman who had known something of the Deaf and Dumb, visited the Institution, to see the children go through their lessons. He was particularly struck with Lashford, and requested I would allow him to put a few questions to him, to which I willingly consented. Being much pleased with the answers given, he took a note of them, a copy of which I have by me. They are as follows:—

What do you think of God?—He is our everlasting Lord: He is a Spirit; He is our Creator; He is the Great Maker of all things; He is very good to us.

Had God a beginning?—No, He is from everlasting; He is eternal.

Where is the human mind?—Brow.

Could a man think without a head?—No.

What part of man thinks?—The soul.

Is the brain the instrument by which a man thinks?—Yes, it is the eye of the mind.

About this time, I find another little notice of him in the Visiting Ladies' Book, which I will here mention; and also a piece of composition on the Lion, which may not prove uninteresting to the reader.

"John W. Lashford has written an account of his walk on Wednesday afternoon, and copied it from his slate, without correction or addition. It proves his power of expressing his ideas, in language intelligible to all. The same boy shews unremitting diligence in all his pursuits, and especially (since he has been able to read) in searching the Scriptures. In his time of recreation, and during meals, his Bible is continually in his hand; so that the remark of the Matron upon it was,—he reminded her of the language of Job; 'I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food.'"

COMPOSITION ON THE LION.

The Lion is a very strong beast; it is called the king of beasts. It is very savage and fierce. Its mane is long on its neck. Its head is large; its body is thin; its four legs are very strong, and its eyes gloom. It runs and defeats animals and people, and kills

them and eats them when it is hungry. It fights with elephants and tigers, &c. When it fights with horses or oxen it defeats them, and bites their heads, and breaks their skulls; that is, its strength is great. Sometimes it fights with men. Sometimes it is killed by men that take guns and spears in their hands, when it is hunted. It is caught by men, and then is put into dens, because it would kill people and animals. It is brought in dens to England, to be shewn to the people, who have pleasure in seeing it. Its native is Africa and India. It lives and sleeps in caves.

We read in the Bible about the Lions and God,—what he did to them. It tells us that the Lion, when it lived near the Eden, it was never savage; but it was very harmless and kind, like the lambs, and also all other beasts were so when our first parents were holy and happy, and they had much pleasure in seeing them. But after the fall of Adam, God made the Lions harmful and savage. They were very cruel to others. The Bible tells us that the Lions, &c. were saved, with all other beasts, in an ark, and Noah fed them. But they did not kill him,—and they had much peace with him

in it. The Bible tells us that Samson, when he walked on the way, there was a Lion and it warred against him, and would destroy him, but he defeated it and killed it, by the power of God. The Bible tells us that about 1141 B.C. the Lion and bear came to the sheep and lambs, in the time of David, and would destroy them, but God helped David to kill them both. The Bible tells us that in the reign of Darius, the king, the wicked men cast Daniel in the den where the Lions were, because he worshipped the true God. They hoped the Lions will destroy him; but God saved him, and shut the mouths of them, about B.C. 527. John the Apostle says, "Jesus is the Lion of the tribe of Judah, by his name." That name is very beautiful indeed.

I will here insert a few sentences on verbs which are extracted from his exercise book. They are entirely his own, and fully shew that he had a clear understanding of the words introduced; and, perhaps, may not prove uninteresting, as they so sweetly evidence that God was in all his thoughts.

Die ; our souls cannot die.

Buy ; I shall buy good books when I go home.

Rake ; I raked away leaves from the playground.

Walk ; we must not walk in the wicked way.

Steal ; bad men steal people's things by night.

Stand ; a clergyman stands long when he preaches.

Snow ; it was snowing yesterday.

Excel ; I must try to excel in drawing.

Clean ; I clean the school-room every morning.

Refuse ; Jesus refused to answer the questions which Pontius Pilate asked him.

Go ; I shall go out of School at five o'clock.

Swim ; I never swam in the sea.

Repair ; Josiah repaired the temple at Jerusalem.

Save ; no man can save his soul.

Contain ; the sea contains fish.

Think ; I wish to think upon God.

Depart ; Miss L. T. departed from England to India.

Warm ; the sun warms the earth.

Give ; God gives us good things.

Pause ; when the children read, they pause at the end of the sentences.

Swallow ; Jonah was swallowed by a whale.

Punish ; God will punish the sin at the last day.

Throw ; I have thrown some snow balls at boys.

Feel ; I can feel the cold in frosty weather.

Read ; I must read and learn my Bible.

Scour ; S. G. scoured this floor last Saturday.

Want ; I want God to give me a blessing.

Drive ; God will drive the wicked from the earth, into hell, at the last day.

Command ; God commands us to pray to him.

Understand ; I can understand arithmetic.

See ; God can see us now.

Make ; God made us.

Say ; God's holy book says we must love him.

Come ; Jesus will come again at the last day.

Ride ; I never rode on an elephant.

Drink ; we drink milk for our supper every day.

Talk ; we cannot talk, for we are Dumb.

Heal ; Jesus healed the sick.

Raise ; Jesus raised the dead.

Write ; I shall write a Letter to Miss B.

Sail; St. Paul sailed in a ship from Rome to Malta.

Mend; carpenters mend chairs, tables, &c.

Learn; I must learn to draw very well.

Fall; St. Peter fell into temptation.

The following Letter was written to one of the Committee Ladies, who took great interest in him :—

“Deaf and Dumb Institution,
March 10th, 1846.

Dear Madam,

I feel thankful to you. I am very well and happy at School. I am happy to write a Letter to you. I hope you are very well. I pray for you. I pray to God, every day and night, to save my parents, relations and friends, from all sins and destructions, and to make them happy, and to save them in his love. I hope you are very happy in God now. I love him best of all, because he loved me very exceedingly.

My mother came to see me, and she told me something. She told me Mr. J. S. went up to the Town Hall, to see us examined. Mr. J. S. is minister of —— Chapel, in B—— My

mother goes there to hear the sermons every Sunday. He loves God much; she loves him much.

I must pray to God that he would make us good always. Any Deaf and Dumb person is not a clergyman in this world. I wish to think upon God and Jesus. I spell the morning prayer on my fingers to God, before the boys, who kneel down to spell it to God every morning. I wish you to pray for me. I love my Bible best, and read in it about God and Jesus. I wish to obey and serve God, like Abraham, who was called the friend of God. Mrs. B. told us about the Missionaries. She told me that a christian Jew is a teacher of the Deaf and Dumb at Berlin now. I was glad to hear it. I wish God to send the Missionaries to teach the black people about God and Jesus when I pray, and I like the Missionary books very much. I shall try to think much of God, and wish to be his disciple. I do not like to think only of earthly things, but heavenly things. May the Lord God bless you and make you happy. I wish to write another Letter better for you.

I remain,
Your affectionate Friend,
J. W. LASHFORD."

From the above Letter we learned that which we never knew before; viz. that this dear boy had been in the habit of assembling his little mute companions around him every morning, and spelling before them a prayer, previous to leaving their bedroom.

A verse of a hymn which he had copied into his little note book, may be said in some measure to describe his feelings on prayer.

“To heaven can reach the softest word,
A child's repenting prayer;
For tears are seen and sighs are heard,
And thoughts regarded there.”

CHAP. IV.

Letter to Mrs. W.—Letter to Miss H.—Another Letter to Mrs. W.—Last Letter.—Sympathy for the poor Irish and Scotch.—Reverence for the Sabbath.—Trial.—Renewed peace.—Examination at Hastings.—Last visit to the Institution.

The following Letter, which I have received from a Lady, and which was written by him on the 9th of September, 1846, will I am sure be read with great interest, as it fully shews his perfect knowledge of the nature of sin and the temptations of the devil, and to whom alone he could look for strength to withstand them. Doubtless he had experienced the same temptations by which Satan assails all God's people, and which his own words fully testify, as will be seen hereafter :—

“Deaf and Dumb Institution,
Sept. 9th, 1846.

Dear Madam,

I hope you are very well and happy.
I am very well and happy at School. . I hope

God takes care of you in Lindfield. I think of God and Jesus much. It is very nice and good to think of God and Jesus. God is very kind and good to us always. I wish you to pray for me, because I pray for you often. Why do I pray for you? Jesus Christ is our kindest Saviour, and he hath told me to do so. He told his dear disciples to pray for each other. He prayed all night in his agony for us in the garden on the earth, and then he was crucified to save us from the power of sin and the temptations of the devil. He has done much for us. You must pray for the poor people. God says, ye must work for his great love. I love the Bible very much, but I love God best of all, because he first loved me very exceedingly. I want us to be the children of God, and I want us to pray and love and serve only God always. We must pray to God. We must pray to him to keep us from all evil, for our blessed Saviour's sake. The devil wants us to break God's all holy laws and work much evil for him; but we must pray to God to keep us from being tempted to sin, and then the devil cannot tempt us to sin. God is more powerful than the devil that wants

to get power. I and you must pray to God to keep us from all evil, for our Saviour's sake. The devil mocks us when we pray, but we must love God more and more. God is very angry with the devil, from the beginning to this time. God says the devil will be made everlasting prisoner, and cast into hell for ever. We must pray to God to make us holy every day and night, and then God will take us to heaven, to live with him in everlasting bliss in heaven.

I remain, dear Madam,

Your obedient Servant,

J. W. LASHFORD."

During the holidays of 1845, a man who resided near Lashford's home had endeavoured to corrupt his mind. On returning to School, he informed us of all that the man had said to him. We were very much shocked to find that any one could have acted thus towards one so afflicted. Our efforts were directed to fill his mind with the best antidote for the poison which had been instilled into it; and, with God's blessing on our endeavours, he was encouraged so to put on the whole armour of God as

to be able to withstand the wiles of the devil. He ever afterwards shunned the man who had thus tried to lead him astray; and on seeing him in the street he would run another way, in order to avoid coming in contact with him. His mother was much surprised that he had taken such a dislike to the man; but she did not know the cause until she mentioned the circumstance to Mrs. S., who told her what the boy had said. Thus then we see how indispensably necessary it is that children should have a *religious* education,—that they should be taught to know their Creator in the days of their youth; without which there can be no true principles implanted in them, by which to guide their footsteps in after life.

Letter to Miss H——

“Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,
October 27th, 1847.

Dear Madam,

It makes me happy to write this Letter for you. I hope you are very well. I know you very well, and I saw you here two years ago. You were with Mr. and Mrs. Sleight, and they had tea with you. You were pleased

to see us (the children) learn to write in School. You told me to draw your likeness, but I could not draw it very well; but I am very glad that I have got a very kind and clever gentleman, who is a teacher of drawing and painting, to teach me to draw. I go to his house to learn to draw from him every Saturday, but no one pays him for teaching me to draw, and he is my great friend, he is always very kind to me. How thankful should I be to him. I think you would like to see my drawings. The Ladies and Gentlemen come to see us examined, and some of them buy my drawings. Mr. and Mrs. Sleight are very well. I am very well and happy at School. I love to learn here very much. I pray to God to make me more holy and good, every morning and evening. I love Jesus, who loved me and died for me. I pray to God to bless you.

I remain,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN WILLIAM LASHFORD.

P.S.—I hope you will be so kind, Madam, as to write to me again."

The undermentioned is another Letter writ-

ten to Mrs. W. and shews how grateful he felt for all the kindness he received :—

“Deaf and Dumb Institution,
Nov. 13th, 1847.

Dear Madam,

It gives me pleasure to write to you again. I hope you are very well. You are now at H——, as Mr. S. told me, and I hope you are pleased with it. I and S. M. are very glad to write to you. We are all quite well and happy at School. We have got a new girl, whose name is E. W. she comes from B——. N. B. is very well, but she cannot learn much yet. I will try to teach her sometimes. I can draw better than I could; and I am very grateful to Mr. B. who is always very kind to me.

I teach some of the boys to draw every morning, as Mr. S. told me. I read the Bible with much affection, and it is my guide. I love it best; and it tells us that God so loved us, that he sent his only Son to save us from sin and eternal death; it tells us to believe in Jesus, who died for us. We pray to God to make us holy and good always. I hope I shall

learn very much by remaining at School. I hope we shall go to heaven, and we *shall* go there if we love Jesus truly.

I send my kind love to you, and hope God will bless you.

I remain,
Your obedient humble Servant,
J. W. LASHFORD."

A few months before being taken ill, he was invited by a Lady to spend an evening at her house; and I find from the scraps of paper on which they had conversed, that he had not made this casual visit without giving evidence that his conversation was in heaven. Thus he was enabled, by God's grace, so to let his light shine before men, that they seeing his good works might glorify their Father which is in heaven. In answer to several questions put to him, he replied—

“I love the Bible best; we are happy to have it.

Because it is the Word of God, and it tells us that Jesus died for us.

Jesus is our physician.

I like very good books much.

Every word of God is true. God is our best friend.

We do not know when Jesus will come. We do not know but that Jesus will come to-night. We must be ready."

In answer to the question, When do you think you shall live in your new house? he wrote "Next spring; it will be a cause of joyful thanksgiving to God." Miss E. said to him, "My brother cannot talk much without stammering:" he replied, "God made him so; God's love is very great;" and quoted the passage in Isaiah, "The tongue of the stammerer shall be ready to speak plainly." She said "God will unloose your tongue in heaven:" he answered, "If I love Jesus,—Jesus made the Deaf to hear and the Dumb to speak. Jesus says I must pray and watch, lest I enter into temptation. God made me Deaf and Dumb; but I am very happy."

He was much pleased with a little hymn book lent to him, and he marked the following verse:—

"I was not born for earth and sin,
Nor do I live on things so vile;
Yet will I stay my Father's will,
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.

I have by me his last Letter, which I will give in this place, as it was written a few weeks previous to his being taken ill, and shews with what joy he had anticipated going into the new Institution. His desire to give all the praise to God for having put it into the hearts of his people to befriend the Deaf and Dumb, is also strikingly seen.

“ Institution for Deaf and Dumb,
Jan. 26th, 1848.

My dear Madam,

I am pleased to write you a Letter again. We are quite well, and we are very happy that we shall go to remain in the new and large Institution soon. It will be a great cause of thankfulness to God, who gave us many kind friends. I hope you will be very happy to see the Deaf and Dumb children there. I know God loves the Deaf and Dumb, as well as the people that are not Deaf and Dumb. I love to talk to you about something in the Bible, Madam. Jesus, when he lived on the earth, he loved the Deaf and Dumb; he made them to hear and talk, and then he made them to know that Jesus was the eternal Son

of God. The Bible says there will not be Deaf and Dumb in heaven for ever. When we die, if we love Jesus truly, he will make us to talk and hear, and then he will take us to heaven, where we shall live with God and Jesus. I am very, very glad to hear it ; and I love the Bible. And I hope you will live with us and talk with us very happily for ever. We send our love to you, and hope God will bless you.

I remain,

Your affectionate Servant,

J. W. LASHFORD."

At the time of great scarcity in 1847, his sensitive mind deeply sympathized with the poor Irish and Scotch. He was frequently signing about them, and bringing different passages of Scripture to me, shewing that always when the Israelites were in distress, if they turned unto the Lord, he heard them, and delivered them out of all their troubles. And then he would find passage after passage where the Lord had promised to keep his servants during famine, and in every time of need ; and when there was a collection made, he was delighted to have the opportunity of

adding his mite towards assisting them; and I can confidently say that his pence were not dropped in the treasury of the Lord, without a prayer that He, the hearer and answerer of prayer, would bless the means used for the alleviation of his suffering people. The following I find written in his pocket book,—“1847, March 24th, Fast Day; October 17, Thanksgiving to God for an abundant harvest:”—thus, it shows how much those important events were noticed by him.

I will here mention a pleasing circumstance that occurred during the holidays of last summer, and which strikingly shews the great regard he felt for the Lord's Day.

A short time after Lashford returned home, he received a Letter from a friend (Mr. H.) living a few miles from Brighton, inviting him to go and spend some days at his house, during the holidays. He was delighted with the idea of going, for he had been there before, and had greatly enjoyed himself; and he was at this time hoping he should receive an invitation to go again. But on reading the Letter, he found that there was one great drawback to his pleasure. It said that he was to return home

by railway on the *Sunday*. He at once came to the Institution, and told Mrs. B. his trouble. He said to her, "When I read in the Letter that I was to return home on Sunday, troubles came upon me, I was afraid God would be angry;" and he would not rest until she had written to his friend, and begged to have the day altered for his return. An answer was soon received, and his friend willingly, nay gladly, acquiesced in the dear boy's wish. Mrs. H. was much pleased with him; and she afterwards said that she felt it quite a privilege to have him in their house, and that on going to call him in the morning, she always found him upon his knees, with his Bible laid open before him, and he never attempted to rise on her entering the room. Oh, that we might all take a lesson from this dear child of God, and learn to "hold fast the profession of our faith, without wavering," and to "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." He always felt it a privilege to be thought a disciple of Christ; and never was afraid to confess before men "whose he was and whom he served." The sin of Sabbath breaking was held by him in the greatest abhor-

rence; and he endeavoured to instil the same reverential feeling which he himself had for God's holy day into the minds of his little companions, and the influence he had gained over them was such as to prove a check to anything approaching to playfulness on that sacred day. He always manifested the greatest pleasure in religious conversation; and it was his constant habit to occupy himself from time to time in imparting religious instruction to the younger children,—and, by them all, I trust his good example will long be remembered.

He would, doubtless, have left the Institution for the purpose of learning a trade when he had reached the age of seventeen, had he been a strong boy; but being of a weak constitution, and also having made great progress in drawing,* the Committee consented that he should remain in the School, with the view of his ultimately becoming a teacher, and likewise to enable him to prosecute his studies in drawing, hoping that it might at some

* An art which he had every opportunity of cultivating, under the able teaching of Mr. Edward Booty, who seeing his talent for it, gave him lessons gratuitously; and his sense of that gentleman's kindness is in some measure seen in one of the Letters just quoted.

future period be a means of livelihood to him. Thus we had planned, and thus we had hoped for the future well-being of this dear boy, until about the middle of March, 1848, when the feeling gradually stole upon us, that he was not long for this world. We called in the physician to the Institution, who, on examining him, thought his symptoms might eventually end in consumption; but at that time he did not consider there was any real disease of the lungs. He ordered him strengthening food, which he was well able to take, and for awhile appeared a little better; but after a time he seemed to sink again, and then it was thought desirable he should go home to his parents, for a little change, which he did on the 4th of April. At this time he seemed very low in spirits, and his poor fond mother told me, with tears, she felt sure something was preying upon his mind, for she had never seen him so cast down before; and she said that which hurt her more than all was, he had not taken any delight in reading his Bible, for it had lain on the shelf untouched ever since he came home, which was what she had never before seen since he had had a Bible. But this

dark cloud soon passed away, though the trial was very severe at the time, and the enemy was never again permitted to cast him down; for the words of the beloved Apostle were verified in his experience,—“I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the Word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.” Oh, no! his remarkably cheerful countenance again returned; his large dark penetrating eyes again wore their usual brightness; his Bible was again seen in his hand; and although his sunken cheek and wasted frame shewed that death had put its hand upon his mortal body, still that sweet, grateful smile which at all times lighted up his happy face, bespoke a peace within which was not of earth.

On the 14th of April we held an examination at Hastings, and as he was thought equal to the journey we took him with us, thinking the little change might do him good. He was very weak, and therefore only wrote answers to about half a dozen questions. A gentleman in the room being anxious to know whether the Deaf and Dumb understood the meaning of *abstract* terms, requested me to write

the question, Have you a conscience? He at once wrote "Yes." The next question proposed was, What is conscience? He answered, "That which makes me know right from wrong." One of his school-fellows wrote to the same question, "The thought which makes me know right from wrong." These answers were written simultaneously. At the close of the meeting he held a plate at the door, and was not a little delighted to find that his plate contained more of the kind contribution of those who had witnessed the examination than that of Capt. M. who also held a plate. He returned to his parents in the evening, and appeared a little better for the change. On the following day he came to dine at the Institution, and during the afternoon signed much to those who had remained at home, about what he had seen at the National and Infant Schools, and expressed great pleasure at the kindness shewn to him and his companions. He seemed very cheerful, and conversed much upon different subjects. In the evening he left us early, though he did so very reluctantly; but we urged it the more, knowing that he ought not to be out in the night air; and also expecting to see

him on the morrow, at the adult service.* But, alas! we did not anticipate it was to be the last time we were to have him amongst us. How little do we know what a day may bring forth;—to-morrow came, but not our dear boy; he felt unequal to the walk, and said to his mother, “Mrs. Sleight said, ‘you will come to-morrow,’” and repeated it again, as though his heart wished to come, but his poor body was too weak. She advised him to lie down for a time, which he did, but could not make the effort to come. We did not hear of him until the following Wednesday, when Mrs. B. called to know how he was. She found him very poorly, but took leave of him hoping that in a day or two he would be able to come to the Institution. But this was not the case; he gradually grew worse, and never left his parents’ roof except to be taken in a fly to the physician, who pronounced him in a precarious, although not hopeless, state: yet it was with difficulty he reached home. We were anxiously waiting to know the result, when his father, full of grief, came to inform us of the serious

* There is service in the Institution every Sunday afternoon, for adults residing in Brighton.

nature of his complaint. We went immediately to see him, and found him very ill, but composed, cheerful and animated; and he gave us a full description of the personal appearance of Dr. A. and what he had done, and wished us to taste his medicine.

CHAP. V.

Various Conversations during illness.—His receiving the Sacrament.—Notice in the Visiting Ladies' Book.—His Death.

We must now follow our dear boy to his humble but clean and comfortable sick room ; and as we glance over his sweet remarks, and see the joy with which he could anticipate death, let us learn indeed to know that Saviour whom he found so precious to his soul, and to feel assured that he who hath begun a good work in us, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS, AND REMARKS
DURING ILLNESS.

April 23rd. On being asked by a friend, (Mr s. B.) whether he prayed, he said, " Yes, I

pray to God, first to make me better, or secondly that I might die and go to heaven." She remarked, "You will be happy in heaven; you will see Jesus." He answered, "Yes, much happy; it is not very long before I see him." She said to him, "You are very weak." He asked her if she knew the hymn,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee," &c.

She shewed it to him; and, after having read it over, he returned the book, and said, "All power belongs to Jesus; but once *he* was weak, in the garden of Gethsemane, and an angel was sent to strengthen him. He gave himself up for us. When the wicked men were seeking him, Jesus said, 'I am he.'" And then he wrote, "I should like very much to receive the Sacrament; it is the command of Jesus. I read in my Bible that Jesus said 'This do in remembrance of me.' There are but two Sacraments; Roman Catholics say there are seven." He then opened a little book, and shewed her the text, "We are strangers and pilgrims upon earth," and signed, "To stop on

earth a *short* time is good; for heaven is better than earth."

On the 24th of April, Mrs. S. and myself visited him. We asked him if he prayed. He replied, "Yes, but I cannot now spell my prayers; I think in prayer, and I feel God with me. When I pray, the devil tries to make me think amiss: the devil is very cruel, he wants to make me unhappy, very unhappy; but Jesus is stronger than the devil, and I am happy in him." Mrs. S. then signed to him a verse of a hymn:—

"Jesus, on thine arm relying,
I would tread this earthly vale:
Be my life, when I am dying;
Be my strength, when strength shall fail:"

which delighted him very much; and he said he should like me to pray with him. One of his school-fellows, whom we had taken with us, asked him if he were happy. He said, "Yes, I am very happy; you must pray for me."

Having of himself expressed a great desire to receive the Sacrament, I now asked him whether he still had the same wish. He answered, with great animation, "Yes, I should like it very much." Accordingly, on the

following morning, I called upon our dear minister, (the Rev. C. D. M.) who having known and heard much respecting him, readily complied with his request. In the afternoon of the same day I accompanied Mr. M. and when we reached the house we found one of the ladies of the Committee there, (Mrs. G.) who said that she had been much affected and edified with the short interview she had had with the dear boy. He was very much pleased to see Mr. M. whose church he had regularly attended since he came to the Institution; and although that gentleman's voice had never reached his ear, still the blessed truths which he uttered had not failed to reach his heart; for he always enquired for the text, read it well over, and afterwards drew out as much of the sermon as he possibly could from those who heard it; and never was he known to express the least regret at not being able to hear, except that he could not hear the Word preached. Mr. M. administered the Sacrament. There were three present besides himself; and it would indeed be a vain attempt, were I to try to pourtray that solemn scene. Dear boy! I shall never forget his countenance when signing the words,

“The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee,” &c., as I traced them in the Prayer Book, after the minister; the big tears stood in his eyes as he, for the first time, partook of that precious ordinance. Before Mr. M. took leave, he asked for a slate and pencil, and wrote, “Thank you, Sir; I was very happy to receive the Lord’s Supper.”

A few days afterwards, two ladies (the Misses P.) visited him. They told him that they had lost a dear brother, a christian, and a faithful minister of Christ; and asked him if they were right in mourning for him. He answered, “Yes, Madam.” They asked him why? He wrote, “Because Jesus wept.” One of his school-fellows, who had gone with these ladies to interpret his signs, was standing by his side, and in the interval between the questions he turned to him and signed, “Do *you* love Jesus?” They remarked that it seemed as if he could not bear to lose a minute that could be spent for good. This boy, to whom he was much attached, and who often visited him during his illness, a few days afterwards took him a book on geography, which he had left at School; and, when he gave it him, he

returned it, saying, "You may have it; I have done with geography and arithmetic, and I want no book now but my Bible."

During the disturbances in France, he remarked to the same boy, "I wish very much to get to heaven, for it is better than this earth; I do not wish to live any longer here, because there are many enemies and much troublesome things. I should like to die, because heaven will be my best home."

The Rev. J. S., who had long taken great interest in him, paid him a visit, and was affected, even to tears, to witness his sweet state of mind. He asked him two or three questions, which I will give, with the answers, just as they stand on the piece of paper on which they were written:—What do you think of Jesus? "He is the Eternal Son of God, Sir." What is sin? "It is all disobedience to God's holy law." Are you a sinner? "Yes, Sir." How do you hope to be saved? "Through Jesus Christ; he is my precious Saviour."

On another occasion, when asked, "What must you do to be saved?" he replied "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be

saved," &c. Then the question was put, Do *you* believe? and he answered, "I pray to God to make me believe, that he may save me."

Mrs. B. called on Sunday afternoon, April 30th, and told him that she had that morning heard a sermon for the Moravian Missionaries, and repeated to him the text, "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands," Rev. vii. 9. He was greatly animated with the prospect of the coming of Christ's kingdom. She told him that there would be some of all nations. He seemed a little astonished at this, and asked whether there would be any from the west of South America. He did not know that any Missionaries had ever been sent there; and, doubtless, he thought that the natives in that part had not been taught the way of salvation. This observation forcibly shews his reflecting mind, in alluding to that quarter of the globe which in the missionary map is marked as still in darkness.

Mrs. C. W. and Sir T. W. B. went to see him, and I met them at the house for the purpose of interpreting his signs, as he had become so weak that it was with great difficulty he could write answers to questions. Mrs. C. W. wrote on the slate, Do you feel that you are on the Rock? He answered, "I trust so, Madam." Sir T. W. B. then asked, Who is the Rock? He answered, "Jesus Christ, Sir." Mrs. C. W. wrote, What flowed from the Rock? He answered, "Water of Life." After which he signed, with great energy, "Moses struck the rock, and it was divided, and water flowed out of it, for the Israelites to drink when they were very thirsty. Moses could not have done that himself; it was the Lord that did it, by his servant Moses,—it was the Lord who made Moses' arm strong:" he added that "he thought Moses was not quite sure that the water would flow when he struck the rock; he would have been very sorry if it had not:—but when he saw the water flow, and the people drinking, he was very happy, and rejoiced in the power of his God."

Mrs. B. called again to see him, and took with her two of his little school-fellows; they

found him very weak. One of the little girls asked him (by signs) which he would like best, to live or die. He immediately signed, "To die is good." Seeing that he was not equal to any exertion, they rose to take their leave, and Mrs. B. said to him, "In heaven you will praise Jesus;" when he burst into tears and said, "I cannot pray much now, my cough is so troublesome. Is it good, or is it bad?" She said to him, "Jesus is sufficient for you; his righteousness is yours."

Once when his mother was very ill, she shewed him the hymn,

"Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more;"

and now that he himself was ill, he shewed the same words to her again, and told her that she was very dear to him, and that he thanked God for having given him *her* to be his mother.

L. H. an adult Deaf and Dumb friend, called to see him; but finding that he was too weak to sign, she remained with him but a very short time. She told me that before leaving him she asked him (by signs) if he were happy, and that he quickly answered, "Yes, yes, much

happy;” and she observed he smiled so beautifully that he looked like an angel.

Miss J. M. often visited him during his short illness; and on one occasion she said to him, “What have you been thinking about to-day?” He said, “About Jesus; and I think that he will put a crown of glory upon my head, and I shall praise him.” She said that she was going to write to her sister, and asked him what text he would like to send to her. Taking his Bible, he turned to the seventh chapter of Revelation, and pointed from the 9th to the 14th verses, as the portion which she was to send. He then signed to her about the glory that would be in heaven, and that there were no deaf, no dumb, no lame, no blind, no tears there. She said to him. “Have you got the white robe?” He answered, “Yes, I think so.” She asked, “How did you get it?” He replied, by writing, “Jesus has dressed me in it;” and signed that the blood of Christ *had* cleansed away all his sins. She shewed him the passage, “All we like sheep have gone astray,” and said to him, “Have *you* ever gone astray?” He answered, “Yes, many times.” She then asked, “How did you get back again?” He wrote, “The Lord hath

laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." Miss M. asked him several questions upon the *Passover*; to which he replied, both by signs and in writing, so as to prove to her that he fully understood the nature of that divine institution, which points to Jesus, the true Paschal Lamb, whose precious blood can alone cleanse the sinner's soul.

Mrs. S. once asked him which was his favourite text. He signed there were so many, and seemed at a loss to know which to choose; but after thinking a little, he spelt on his fingers, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;" and it was delightful to see him sign the figurative language of Scripture, how the Lord would lead his sheep in the green pastures, and by the still waters, and carry the lambs in his bosom, &c. His mother told Mrs. S. that she thought he had had a dream during the night, for he seemed so very, very happy, and spelled to her that he had seen Jesus. Mrs. S. asked him whether he had had a dream. He said, "No." She then asked him what made him so happy during the night; was he thinking about Jesus? He said "Yes, very much." She said to him, "What

about Jésus?" He answered, "I was thinking about his side being pierced, and the blood flowing out;" and alluded, by signs, to the blood of Christ, which cleanseth us from all sin, and said that he felt Jesus with him, which made him so happy.

On being visited again by Mrs. B. he seemed very happy and cheerful, and opened a little book, "The Prince of Peace," which had been lent him by a friend (Mrs J.), and asked her to read a portion which he pointed out, so that his mother might hear it. The words ran as follows:—"Then Jesus shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, which shall be heard all over the world, from one end of heaven to the other, and all who have loved him as their Saviour, when they hear it, will be very glad," &c. He then said, "I like this little book very exceedingly; I can understand it." He frequently dwelt upon the second coming of Christ, and the glorious resurrection.

Once when a little girl died, who had been three years in the Institution, he wrote upon the board in the school-room, "God will not lose his children or people because they go

down into the grave; souls do not go there, only the bodies."

A short notice of him, from the Visiting Ladies' Book, may not be out of place here. It was written about three weeks before his death.

"May 2nd, 1848. It is with mingled feelings of sincere regret and deep thankfulness that the Visitors bring John W. Lashford's case before the Committee. He is sinking rapidly, but is in a very calm and peaceful state of mind; and this peace is not the result of ignorance, but arises from the conviction of his sinfulness and a humble dependance on the merits of his Saviour. When asked his favourite text, he said 'Create in me a clean heart, O God,' and then pointing to the words, 'The tongue of the Dumb shall be loosed,' with an evident expression of pleasure he signed, 'I shall speak and hear in heaven.' He also signed that he was quite happy, and added that he could not pray with his fingers now, but that he looked to God, who heard him."

Now that he was so ill, we visited him almost daily. He was delighted to see any one from the Institution, as he was able to express

his thoughts, feelings and wishes to us with greater ease than to any one else. The great interest we felt in him caused us to seize every opportunity of seeing him; and the conversations which we had from time to time, will be indelibly fixed upon our minds.

On the evening of the 19th of May, Mrs. S. and myself called, and found that he was suffering very much from his cough, and (as we then thought) almost at his journey's end; but when the cough had ceased a little, a sweet smile played upon his countenance, which shewed that he was indeed in full possession of that peace which passeth all understanding. And I well remember almost involuntarily saying, as I stood by his bed side, "What a blessing! surely such a death bed as this is worth a whole life spent in prayer." Oh! would that those solemn impressions made upon our minds at such seasons were more abiding, and that we could see more the value of seeking the Lord while we have health and strength; so that we may be able in the hour of weakness to say, as this dear boy did, "I am very weak, but Jesus gives me peace." We returned home that evening, with but small

hope that we should ever see him again; but he had rallied during the night, and was a little better the next morning. On the evening of the 20th I called, hoping, to see him once more alive; but his mother told me that he was much altered, and she thought that I had better not go up stairs, as he was not now able to converse, adding that *he had expressed a wish to be alone, and had said he should soon die; that he was very, very happy, and was going to glory.* I left the house, feeling sure that I should never see the dear boy again in this world. I walked home, with feelings not easily to be described, and I trust never to be forgotten. The reality of the fact that this dear child of God had been entirely under my care and instruction burst upon me in all its fulness. I felt that if I had neglected in any way to assist him in arriving at a full understanding of those blessed truths which he so much loved, the opportunity of doing so was now for ever gone. Still, on reflection, I had the assurance that he was indeed a child of grace, saved by the precious blood of the Redeemer. His whole life shewed the truth of

this, and his death proved it. Oh, may the Lord enable us to feel sufficiently thankful for such an exhibition of his love and mercy, so visibly extended towards him.

He was quite sensible to the last ; and about an hour before his death, he signed for all in the room to kneel round his bed and pray ; after which, he took his mother's hand and spelled *soul* on her fingers, and looking steadfastly upwards, he pointed to heaven and signed, "Glory, glory." Such was the joy with which *he* stood on the brink of death, and all was peace to the very end ; for on the night of the 20th, he spelled to his mother that he had very much peace in Jesus ; and at four o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the 21st, his happy spirit took its flight to the bosom of his Saviour without a struggle. Such joy and such peace were his, as rarely fall to the lot even of God's most eminent servants here below. The Lord, in rich mercy to his soul, never, that I am aware of, permitted for one moment the enemy' to harass or perplex him with a single doubt or fear in his last hours. His was indeed a simple, settled faith in the Lord Jesus. At the same time, he was pos-

sessed of a full and clear knowledge of the whole plan of man's salvation, and of the rich atonement made by the sacrifice of Christ, in which alone he humbly put his trust. It was indeed a falling asleep in Jesus. And oh! who could see him stretched upon the bed of death—patient, calm, submissive; meekly waiting his precious Saviour's call—without a single doubt to harass his peaceful breast, without a wish to disturb the calm repose which his happy spirit found in the bosom of his Lord,—and not be led to admire and adore Him whose strength is perfected in weakness, and who has mercifully written for our encouragement, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Happy, happy boy! he was indeed a vessel chosen to honour, meet for his Master's use. His delight was in the law of the Lord;—he put his whole trust in the merits of the blessed Saviour, and he found that His strength was sufficient for him, for he had been strengthened with might, by his Spirit, in the inner man, blessed with the choicest dews of his grace, and filled with all the fullness of God. By faith he had apprehended the righteousness of God, and the Spirit

had revealed to his mind the deep things of God: "As it is written; Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God." While on earth, he saw "through a glass darkly," but now "face to face." Now he is in the full enjoyment of all those blessed promises in which his soul so much delighted. Trouble, sorrow, pain, care, death, no more surround his path. God has wiped away all tears from his eyes; his joy is full and perpetual; and he now dwells in that city which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to lighten it,—for the brightness of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof: and who shall tell the rapturous joy which burst upon his astonished sense, when that tongue which had been sealed on earth, now, for the first time, burst forth in grateful Hallelujahs, to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.

In recording the above particulars of the merciful dealings of the Lord towards this dear

boy, I trust I shall not be understood as wishing to exalt the creature; for what indeed would he have been, had he not received the Spirit of adoption, whereby he was enabled to cry, "Abba, Father?" Let us then ascribe, as is most justly due, all the praise to Him who so gently led him by a way that he knew not; and who in infinite wisdom saw good to take him to Himself, and by an early death caused him to escape all those evils with which this world so much abounds. Had he lived, who can tell what difficulties might have beset his path,—what painful anxieties might have distracted his thoughtful mind,—what trying circumstances he might have had to encounter through the loss of those faculties by which we receive so much of our social happiness;—and oh, who can say how many sorrows might have pierced his bosom, to which his silent tongue could not have given utterance! But the Lord had richer blessings in store for him: he saw good to gather him from this world of sorrow, and transplant him to His heavenly kingdom above.

"Hark! a voice, it cries from heaven,
'Happy in the Lord who die;'

Happy they to whom 'tis given,
 From a world of grief to fly!
 They indeed are truly blest,
 From their labour then they rest.

All their toils and conflicts over,
 Lo! they dwell with Christ above;
 O what glories they discover
 In the Saviour whom they love!
 Now they see him face to face;
 Him who saved them by his grace.

'Tis enough, enough for ever,
 'Tis his people's bright reward;
 They are bless'd indeed who never
 Shall be absent from the Lord.
 O that we may die like those
 Who in Jesus then repose."

CHAP. VI.

Letter from Mrs. E. to Mr. Sleight.—Letter and little Sermon referred to by Mrs. E.—Extract from a Letter received from Mrs. C. W.—Letter from the Rev. J. S.—Extract of a Letter from Miss C.—Extract from Miss B's. Letter.

Letter from Mrs. E——, to Mr. Sleight.

“W——, May 29th, 1848.

Dear Sir,

I read the contents of your Letter, informing us of the removal of that dear child of God, John W. Lashford, from earth to heaven, with mingled feelings of joy on his account, regret and grief for those friends to whom he was a blessing; for undoubtedly those whom God blesses become a blessing to all around them, whatever station in life they fill. I think it a privilege to have known him; what then must you feel, to have been the instrument, in the hands of God the Spirit, of

training a child (who gave such a clear evidence of his name being written in the Lamb's book of life) for heaven? I am sure it will comfort and encourage you, to feel that God has owned and blessed your labours. I thank you for informing me of the event of his death, but indeed I should have been glad if you had thought to inform me of his illness, for I should have esteemed it a privilege to have sent him a word of sympathy, and some token of my Christian love, before he departed hence; and I felt it the more because I so many times intended to do so, for I never forgot the dear boy, but I put it off. May it be a lesson to me, to do what my hand findeth to do more diligently. Oh, how many opportunities of doing or receiving good do we suffer to pass away; not knowing their value till they are for ever beyond our reach.

I have sent you an exact copy of the little Sermon, and a sweet Letter he wrote to me. I cannot part with the originals. I shall like to see your little Memoir, and will take some copies, after you send me one with the price. What you said respecting the Bible my son was so happy to have given that dear child of

God, now a blessed, happy saint, and justified spirit in heaven, was to me a fulfilment of that sweet Scripture promise, Mark ix. 41, for how rich a reward have we received; first, in the great use he made of it, and the great value he set upon it; and then the thought came to me the other night, as though an angel brought it, that he had prayed for my son. Nay, in trying to bring every circumstance of our intercourse with him to mind, I feel certain upon the occasion of giving him the Bible, after giving us an indescribable look of love and thanks, which bespoke the value he felt for God's Word, he quickly took his slate and expressed what, no doubt, the Spirit of God dictated, that he would pray for Master E. And, oh that that prayer may be registered in heaven, that my dear boy may be 'glad to learn his Bible as a little child,' as that dear boy was. I ask no greater blessing for him, for assuredly it is of such that our blessed Saviour saith 'the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.' Matt. xviii.

I remain, dear Sir,
 With much respect and sympathy,
 Your obliged,

M—— E—— ”

*Letter and little Sermon referred to
by Mrs. E.*

“Deaf and Dumb Institution, Brighton,
Nov. 13th, 1846.

My dear Madam,

I am glad to write this Letter to you. I hope you are very well. We are very well and happy at School. We went to Chichester, the city of Sussex, last September, for we had an examination there. We saw the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Chichester there, and he was very kind to us; we had dinner and supper at his palace. God is very good and kind to all the people, and he is the best of all. I am glad to learn my Bible as a little child, and I like it of all books best. I love to read about God and Jesus. David, the king of Israel, said to his God, ‘Thy word is pure, and thy servant loveth it;’ and we should love God’s Holy Word, like David. We shall not always remain on this earth, but we shall all die, according to the saying of God; and we may pray to God to make us holy and good always. Jesus says, ‘Whosoever believeth on me shall not perish, but have everlasting life.’

We must all believe on the Lord Jesus, and we shall always live with him after the death of this body. St. Paul told the jailor at Philippi, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.' All must believe before they can be saved. I send my kind love to you, and I thank Master E. for giving me a nice Bible.

I remain, dear Madam,
Your affectionate servant,
JOHN WILLIAM LASHFORD."

" ' *Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.*' Matt. xxvi. 41.

The devil wants to tempt us to break the holy laws of God always. He hates the people of God. We cannot hate sin until God gives us grace to help us to hate it. We have done much evil in the sight of God; but we must pray to God to give us strength to hate sin. We are all sinners: if we repent truly before God, he will forgive us, for the sake of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who never likes sin. Jesus died for the destroying of sin. He says to us, 'Go not into the way of the devil.' God hates sin, and he loves the good always,

Jesus was a man of sorrows; for he was very sorry for sin. He was very kind and good to every body when he was upon earth, and died upon the cross, to save us from the power of sin and all the temptations of the devil. Jesus desires us to pray to God to forgive us our sins, for his sake. Jesus cleanses us from all sin in his own blood if we pray. This world is a place of sin; the devil casts his temptations into it. God says that the devil will be made everlasting prisoner, and then cast into hell for ever. God is very angry with the devil, for teaching his people to break his holy laws. God can take away the praying sinners from the hands of the devil. God says, if ye pray to me to keep you from all the temptations of the devil, I will do so. God says, I desire you to pray and love me always, and obey my commandments; and then I will bless you, and love you, and dwell with you."

*Extract from a Letter received from
Mrs. W——.*

"My spirit was with the little band of Christian friends who assembled yesterday, around the grave of our dear young brother.

I feel we all sent upward a high note of praise that his suffering body was at rest, and for the blessed hope we had that his immortal spirit was with the God and Saviour he had been so graciously, so wonderfully, permitted to know and to love. That this dear youth was not longer detained from the glorious light that burst on his astonished senses, when he had passed through the short valley, I feel, to him was a great blessing; but, to our Institution, this early bereavement of such a Christian spirit is a severe loss. May this first ripe fruits of this Institution be followed by a plentiful harvest."

Letter from the Rev. J. S——.

"Brighton, June 6th, 1848.

My dear Sir,

I should have been most happy to have given you more time, and a longer account of my acquaintance with the *extraordinary* and interesting character, talents, and disposition of dear John Lashford. But an early engagement in the country, and my not wishing to neglect an immediate answer to your kind note, must be my apology for a hasty line.

My surprise and wonder concerning him may appear to you less remarkable when I tell you that very few cases of Deaf and Dumb persons have come under my knowledge; and when I observed his talent for drawing, quickness of perception, sweetness of disposition, and respectful deportment,—I could say, I not only admired, but I *loved* him. * * * * Your success can but excite gratitude to Him who alleviated so great a calamity as the dear youth—shall I say suffered under? rather suffering was almost out of the question, through the adaptation of means which you employed for his welfare; and when we hope and believe (as I sincerely do) that the Father of mercies and God of all grace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, had made him a partaker of regenerating favour, so evident in his last days, especially in that marked view of real religion in his expressions concerning his father,—he wished his father to pray TRULY to God; and when dying, his sweet words, ‘He had great peace in Jesus.’ But the last evidence was to me of all the most glorious, when on his mother’s fingers he SPOKE, I believe from his heart, these sacred words, ‘The white robe;’ and as

there is no appearing before God in peace without it,—oh, happy John Lashford! taken from the evil to come.

With greatest respect,
I am, my dear Sir, yours truly,
J—— S——."

Extract of a Letter from Miss C——.

The two points which struck me most in this dear boy's character were his simple, unshaken faith, and his gratitude for every little kindness shewn him.

Some one, on visiting him, had uncautiously mentioned the destruction of the four boys by the falling of the cliff upon them. The next day, I found him looking very thoughtful and alarmed. He at once signed, "earthquake,—house shaking,—fear." I described the circumstances of the case. He asked the name of the cliff, and put many questions respecting the spot where it occurred. I endeavoured, but in vain, to change the subject; he reverted to it again and again, and asked, "Where are they now?" I explained to him that they had attended the National School, where they had been taught of Jesus; and as we did not know

them in life, we could only now pray that their solemn deaths might be made a blessing to their survivors. He seemed satisfied, but disinclined for conversation. At length, he took up his slate, and drew, with great exactness, a sketch of the Kemp-town esplanade, the beach, &c. and the spot where the accident had occurred; also a constable, and a cost-guard man looking through a telescope, under which he wrote, "What is it?" I told him a glass to magnify distant objects; and that that man used it to examine the ships by day, and the stars by night. On two succeeding visits, he was full of the telescope, having borrowed two small ones, saying that he wished to see the seven stars through a telescope; and at night he awoke his mother by trying to crawl out of bed, when too weak to do so, to see the stars. I mention this trifling incident to exhibit another feature in his character. He never permitted anything to pass him which he did not understand; but would turn to a difficult word or subject again and again, and never leave it till it had been made clear to his mind. On one occasion, when we were conversing on death, in reference to

Christ, I observed that by his death he had robbed it of its sting for believers, and enquired whether he had any fear of the passage from earth to heaven. He looked surprised at the question, and shook his head, saying, "It is only a shadow," and by his signs explained that he meant only a passing from one place to another, and turned to Psalm xxiii. 4, to explain his meaning, adding, "I fear no evil, for God does not let the enemy come near me." At the last visit I paid him, after witnessing his sufferings for some time, I pointed to a text or two in our Lord's concluding prayer for his disciples previous to his passion; he looked up with his usual smile, and turning over the leaf of the book as I held it, pointed to John xiv. 26, 27.

*Extract from Miss B——'s Letter
to Mr. Sleight.*

Did I tell you my last conversation with dear Lashford, during my visit to Brighton in 1846?—as I noted it down at the time. I said, "I hope dear Lashford you feel that you love God more and more as you grow older." He replied, "I hope I do; I wish to love Him

very much." "Why," I asked, "do you love Him?" to which he answered, "He first loved me, Madam." "How do you know," said I, "that you love him?" He looked about the room for a Bible, and immediately pointed to John xiv. 15,—“If ye love me, keep my commandments;” and then he wrote on his slate, “I ask for grace, and try to do his will.” I then asked, “Why did God love you?” to try to see if he would say, because I am good, or because he made me good. But, no; he knew the truth too well to say this; and he wrote, “No one can answer that, Madam,” and looked as if the further truth was in his mind, “for He hath loved me with an everlasting love.”

I was also much pleased at an observation he made on seeing a club pass the window, as it shewed how firmly the truth was fixed in his own mind, that *principle* and *practice* must go hand in hand. He said they looked very gay and happy, but added, “I fear very much the club people do not love God.” “Why do you think this?” I asked. He answered, “One day I saw them all go by, looking very gay, and in the evening they all got drunk. I cannot think,

Madam, a drunken man loves God. I am very sorry men will drink and disobey God."

The pleasure too with which he told me of those at the Institution whom he could commend, and the pain he felt when he could not do so, was very remarkable. In one instance, when I asked about a little girl for whom some of my friends were very much interested, he looked sad, and at a loss what to say, not wishing, evidently, to pass any judgment on her himself. After a little, he wrote, "Mr. and Mrs. S. often grieve for ———; and one day Mrs. S. wept for her she was so naughty." I said, "I hope, John, you sometimes pray for her." "Yes, Madam," he replied, "I often pray to God to make her better: I hope she will care for her soul."

CHAP. VII.

Letter and Anecdote from the Rev. J. C. F. T.—A few of his Compositions.—Texts extracted from his Note Book.

Letter from the Rev. J. C. F. T——.

“Dear Sir,

I send, as you request, the particulars of the anecdote of John Lashford, and the question of the fish; but I should have sent it more readily before the Memoir of that interesting youth had made its first appearance, for after reading what you have said, and said most justly, of him, I feel that such trifles as the one alluded to will be little else than a profanation of your pages.

Nothing had I known of John Lashford before, when on a visit to the Asylum, after witnessing his proficiency in arithmetic, his peculiarly delightful smile (for peculiar indeed it was) led me to indulge in an act of

pleasantry towards him; and I proposed to him a question, with which probably many of your readers are acquainted, with the promise that the solution of it by my next visit should receive the premium of one shilling. (The question is this:—Suppose the head of a fish to be nine inches; the tail as long as head and half the body; the body as long as the head and tail together: what is the length of the fish?)

At my next visit, the smile which hailed me was followed by a shake of the head, to signify that he had failed in his attempt. He then went to the board and exhibited, with great rapidity, a process of figures, arriving at the conclusion, which was perfectly correct, and accomplished in the very way that I had intended him to work it, without the assistance of algebra. But still he did not feel that his claim to the shilling was established; and it was with considerable reluctance, on his part, that he could be prevailed on to take it. Why? Because his ingenuity had led him to make a proportionate drawing of the fish, to assist him in the mode of calculation. Having done with this little anecdote, I feel it a duty to add to yourself that I have been in the habit of observ-

ing to my own friends, that of all the charitable Institutions which I have had the pleasure of visiting, there is none which I have visited with more heartfelt gratification than the Brighton Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. With every good wish to the teachers and the taught, and the earnest prayer that the same religious principles which accompanied John Lashford to the grave, may flourish and abound in those committed to your charge,

I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful servant,

J. C. F. T——."

COMPOSITION.

"Remember the Sabbath, to keep it holy."

Ex. xx. 8.

These words are not of man, but of God, to us. God desires us to keep the Sabbath day holy. We have sinned against God, in not keeping the Sabbath day holy, many times. We were very wicked to break the Sabbath day. God's great wrath was upon us when we did so. God never makes us to break the Sabbath day, but the devil tempts us to do so. It

is very wicked and awful to sell and buy, and not say prayers to God, and not think of God, and to sign evil on the Sabbath day. We like playing, better than God, on it. God says the Sabbath breakers will be punished, and cast into hell for ever. God says, "If ye repent truly before me, I will forgive you; and if you pray to me to keep you from breaking the Sabbath day always, I will do so." Jesus was very sorry because we sinned against God, and died upon the cross to save us from God's great wrath. What does he say to us to do on the Sabbath day? He says we must worship humbly, and we must think of God, and we must read the Bible on the same. God will destroy the kingdom of the devil that tempts us to break the fourth commandment. God is more powerful than the devil. I like to obey his commands. We must never break the fourth commandment. We must pray to God for good hearts. God says, if ye pray to me for good hearts, I will give you a new heart, and you shall love to keep the Sabbath day holy, and also love me more, because I love you very exceedingly. It is very good and nice to think of God and Jesus, and to read the holy Bible

about God and Jesus much on the Sabbath days, and on all days. God and Jesus Christ hate the devil, who wishes us to disobey God always. The devil can never cast sins into heaven, where the holy angels and Jesus Christ are. The devil will never live in heaven, but in hell, for ever. The devil can never take God away from heaven, for God is more powerful than the devil. We read in the Bible that a man was very wicked to fetch sticks on the Sabbath day. God was very angry with him, and Moses commanded the Israelites to stone him to death, in obedience to God. Was God very right to command that man, who was the Sabbath breaker, to be slain? Yes, for that was his law. Nehemiah rebuked the Jews for buying and selling on the Sabbath day, at God's command. God says, if any man does not keep the Sabbath day, he will be put to death surely.

I hope you will pray to God, and keep the Sabbath day holy, and love Him more and more, and then you will be very happy in your God, and he will bless you. Jesus Christ died for you, to save you from sin, and from God your Father's wrath: we should never forget

this. God says, "Remember the Sabbath, to keep it holy." We should obey his holy laws; we should love to think of God, and read his Holy Word, and then he will bless us and make us good, through Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour and Redeemer.

St. Paul's last Letter to St. Timothy.

St. Paul was Timothy's very good teacher. When Timothy was a child, his mother and grandmother taught him about God and Jesus, and he was a very good child, and loved Jesus very much. When he grew a man, he was called by Paul to be his disciple. Paul was very good and kind to him; he taught him very much about Jesus: and Timothy was holy. He loved Paul very much; he knew very much of Jesus; and he learnt very greatly of Paul, and he was made apòstle by Paul, who told him that he must go to teach poor sinners about Jesus, and that he must teach them to be very good. Paul loved Timothy very much; his soul was very dear to him. Many times he went with him to preach to the wicked people; and Timothy learnt of it. He was with Timothy for a very long time; and when he parted with Timothy, to teach and to preach to poor sinners

who never knew God, he saw him no more, but he remembered him always,—and Timothy was sorry to lose his dear master, Paul. He remembered all Paul said to him; and he went to live at Ephesus, and preach there about God and Jesus, and he was the bishop of it. He loved God and Jesus many years; and Paul went to Rome, where he preached, and was a prisoner. He wrote his last Letter, about his death, to Timothy, who received it; and he was sorry that his master was killed, but he was very glad to know that Paul was gone to heaven, where he met Jesus with great joy. Timothy knew that he would be there. He prayed to Jesus, every morning and night, to make him more and more holy; and at last he was killed, and went there, where he found his dear master very happy.

Jonah swallowed up by a great fish.

Jonah was born at Gath-hepher. He was the Lord's prophet; but he was one of the twelve less prophets of the Lord. In his time Nineveh was a great city, and it was probably very rich. It was filled with all the wicked people who did not love God, for many years,

and forsook Him who waited to have mercy upon them, and who waited to see for very many years, if they would turn away from their wickedness; but they did not yet, and God said he would destroy them all. And Jonah heard a voice from God, and it said to him, "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it, for their wickedness is come up before me." But Jonah would not; and he fled from Him, unto Tarshish, and went to Joppa, that was near the great sea, and found a ship going to Tarshish; so he paid the master of that ship his fare to Tarshish, and went into it to go with the sailors to Tarshish. But God was angry, and sent a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in it. So he kept Jonah from fleeing away to Tarshish; and then Jonah could not go there, for he knew God was very angry with him, for disobedience to him. That ship was blown much about and tossed, and it was like to be broken. And the sailors were afraid very exceedingly, for they thought they would all be drowned. And each of them worshipped his idol, to save him from perishing. It could not save them, and they still were troubled very exceedingly, in thinking

to perish; and when Jonah was asleep in the ship, they waked him, and said to him, "Call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." And they cast lots, and the lot fell on Jonah; and they asked him for whose cause evil was upon them. And then he told them that he was disobedient to God, and fled from his presence; and then they were afraid very exceedingly, and said to him, "What shall we do with thee, that the sea may be calm to us?" And he answered and said to them, "Take me up, and cast me into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you." And they were very happy to think so. They took up Jonah, and cast him into the sea, and the sea ceased from her raging: and then they rejoiced very much, and wondered at God's power. God made a large fish to swallow up Jonah, and he was in its belly three days and three nights, but it did not eat him; and God spared him alive.

History of Peter.

Jesus, walking on the sea of Galilee, saw Simon Peter and his brother Andrew casting a net into the sea, for they were fishers, (Matt. iv. 18)

and he said to them, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." (Matt. iv. 19.) And they forsook their net, and followed him. (Matt. iv. 20.) Peter and Andrew were made apostles by Jesus. (Matt. x. 2.) Jesus sent Peter and his apostles to preach and teach the people, and to heal the sick, and do other miracles. (Matt. x. 2—8.) Peter's wife's mother was sick of fever, and Jesus came in his house to see her laying. Jesus healed her thereof. (Matt. viii. 14, 15.) When Peter and the disciples were in a ship, and it was dark, the sea was very rough, and the ship was tossed much with waves. Jesus walked very powerful on the sea; and when the disciples saw him, they were troubled, and said, "It is a spirit;" and they cried out for fear. But Jesus said to them, "Be of good cheer; it is I." (Matt. xiv. 22—27.) And Peter answered him, and said "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water." (Matt. xiv. 28.) And Jesus said, "Come;" and when Peter was come out of the ship, he walked on the water; but he began to sink. He said, with a very loud voice, "Lord save me" (Matt. xiv. 30); and immediately Jesus stretched forth his

hand and caught him, and he said, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt." (Matt. xiv. 31.) And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased. (Matt. xiv. 32.) Then they worshipped him, saying, "Of a truth thou art the Son of God." (Matt. xiv. 33.)

History of Abraham.

Abraham, a son of Terah, was born B.C. 1996. (Gen. xi. 27.) When he was seventy-five years old, God commanded him to forsake his own country, and go to a new land that he should shew him. And God said to him, "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing;" "and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." (Gen. xii. 1—3.) Then Abraham departed with Lot, out of Haran; and he took Sarai, his wife, and Lot, his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and they came into Canaan. (Gen. xii. 4, 5.) There was a famine there: and Abraham went with Sarah into Egypt, because the famine was greivous in Canaan. (Gen. xii. 10.) Abraham deceived Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, by telling him Sarah was

his sister. (Gen. xii. 19.) God punished Pharaoh, for taking Sarah from her husband. (Gen. xii. 17.) Pharaoh afterward sent Sarah and Abraham away. (Gen. xii. 20.) When Abraham was again in Canaan, he was very rich and had much cattle. (Gen. xiii. 1, 2.) The servants of Abraham and Lot quarrelled; but Abraham said to Lot, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren." (Gen. xiii. 7, 8.) Lot chose to live in the plains of Sodom, because it was very beautiful, and watered everywhere. (Gen. xiii. 10, 11); but Abraham dwelt in Canaan. (Gen. xiii. 12.) In his days, the five Assyrian kings made war with the five kings of Sodom. The king of Sodom served Chedorlaomer, the Assyrian king, for twelve years. But in the thirteenth year they rebelled. (Gen. xiv. 4.) In the fourteenth year, the Assyrian kings smote the kings of Sodom, and they took all the goods of Sodom (Gen. xiv. 5—11); and they took Lot prisoner, and departed. (Gen. xiv. 12.) One escaped from them, and told Abraham that Lot was taken prisoner by the Assyrian kings. (Gen. xiv. 13, 14.) Abra-

ham returned after the slaughter of the five kings, and met the king of Sodom; and Melchizedek blessed him (Gen. iv. 17—20), and he gave him tithes of all. Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham, to be his wife. (Gen. xvi. 3.) Hagar fled from her mistress; and was distressed near a fountain of water, in the wilderness. And the angel said to her, "Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands." When Abraham was a hundred years old, God told him that he and his wife should have a son. Then Abraham was very happy. (Gen. xvii. 19.) Abraham made a feast to the three angels; and they did eat. And when Sarah heard that they told Abraham that Sarah should have a son, she laughed; and the Lord reproved her. (Gen. xviii. 6—14.) Abraham was a beloved and faithful servant of God; and he was called the friend of God.

History of Isaac.

When Abraham was a hundred years old, and Sarah, his wife, ninety years old, Isaac was born to them, according to God's promise. (Gen. xvii. 17—19.) Abraham circumcised Isaac, being eight days old, as God commanded

him. (Gen. xxi. 4.) Sarah told Abraham that God made her to laugh for Isaac. She meant that God made her very happy for Isaac. (Gen. xxi. 6, 7.) Isaac was mocked by Ishmael when he was eight days old; and Sarah was very angry, and besought Abraham to send Ishmael and his mother away from his house. (Gen. xxi. 9—11, 14.) When Isaac was about twenty-five years old, he was offered up as a sacrifice by Abraham, as God commanded him. (Gen. xxii. 2—6, 9.) When Abraham took a knife to kill him, God sent the angel to keep him from killing his beloved son Isaac. (Gen. xxii. 10—12.) After this, Abraham offered up a ram, and burnt it before the Lord. (Gen. xxii. 13.) When Sarah died, Abraham sent Eliezer to fetch a wife for Isaac. (Gen. xxix. 2—10.) Abraham died; and Isaac and Ishmael buried him. (Gen. xxv. 8, 9.) When Isaac was sixty years old, Esau and Jacob were born to him. (Gen. xxv. 26.) He loved Esau more than Jacob, because he ate of the nice venison for which Esau hunted (Gen. xxv. 28); but Rebekah loved Jacob. (Gen. xxv. 28.) Isaac went to Gerar, because of a famine. (Gen. xxvi. 3, 4.) Abimelech,

the king of Egypt, reproved Isaac for saying that Rebekah was his sister. (Gen. xxvi. 9.) Isaac grew very rich. (Gen. xxvi. 12—14.) Isaac sent Esau to fetch him nice venison (Gen. xxvii. 3, 4,); but Jacob obtained the blessing from his father, by cunning. (Gen. xxvii. 1—30.) When Esau returned from hunting, and brought savoury meat for his father, he said unto him, "Let my father arise, and eat of his son's venison; that thy soul may bless me. And then Isaac was very sorrowful, because his younger son Jacob deceived him, by telling him that he was his elder son Esau. And Isaac died, being one hundred and eighty years old. (Gen. xxxv. 27—29.) Isaac was much beloved of God; and God blessed him, and said to him, "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." And Isaac was a type of Jesus.

History of Esau and Jacob.

Esau and Jacob were the sons of Isaac. (Gen. xxvi. 24—26.) Esau was a cunning hunter,—a man of the field. Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents. (Gen. xxv. 27.) Esau was loved by his father, because he ate of

his venison; but Jacob was loved by his mother. (Gen. xxv. 28.) Esau came very tired and hungry from the field, and told Jacob to feed him with the red pottage, for he was very faint; but Jacob told him to first sell his birth-right to him, and then he would give him that pottage. Esau did so. (Gen. xxv. 29, 34.) Esau was called by his father; and he told him that he would bless him before he died; and he also told him to go and fetch him venison. (Gen. xxvii. 1—4.) Rebekah heard it; and she told Jacob that she would cover his neck and hands with the kid's skin when they knew that Isaac was blind. And she made nice savoury meat; and Jacob brought it to his father, and he told him that he was Esau. And Isaac felt Jacob's hands and neck, and he believed that Jacob was Esau; and he ate savoury meat and wine, which Jacob gave to him. (Gen. xxvii. 6—25.) After this, Esau returned from hunting, and brought venison, to his father. He told him to eat of his venison, that his soul might bless him (Gen. xxvii. 30, 31); and his father was very sorrowful, because his younger son Jacob was very wrong in deceiving him, by telling him that he was

Esau. (Gen. xxvii. 33—35.) Esau wept, because his brother Jacob had done very wrong to Isaac, in obtaining the blessing from his father by cunning. (Gen. xxvii. 36, 38.) Esau hated Jacob, and said in his heart, when their father died he would kill him (Jacob). (Gen. xxvii. 41) Rebekah heard it. She tried to save Jacob; and she told him to flee to Laban, her brother, to Haran. (Gen. xxvii. 42, 43.) Jacob was called by his father, and he told him that he would not have a wife of the daughters of Canaan; and then he blessed him, and sent him away to Padan-aram. (Gen. xxviii. 1—5.) Esau married a wife that was an idolater. (Gen. xxviii. 9.) Jacob went towards Haran; and he was very tired of travelling much, and he took the stones and put them for his pillow, and lay down there to sleep by night, and he dreamt he saw a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and he saw the beautiful angels descending and ascending upon it, and saw the Lord stood above it; and God blessed him. (Gen. xxviii. 10—15.) And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and said to himself, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

And he was very afraid, and said, "How dreadful is this place. This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." And then he took the stones that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it: and he called the name of that place "Bethel,"—that means, the house of God. He knew that God would take care of him, and bless him; and that Jesus should be born among his descendants. (Gen. xxviii.) After this he went into Haran, and saw the well, and the sheep lying near it. (Gen. xxix. 1, 2.) He rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and gave Laban's sheep drink; and he saw Rachel. (Gen. xxix. 10, 11.) He told her that he was the son of her father's brother, and the son of Rebekah, Laban's sister; and then she ran and told her father. (Gen. xxix. 12.) And Laban ran to meet Jacob, and embraced him, and kissed him; and he brought him to his house. (Gen. xxix. 13.)

History of Joseph.

Joseph, the son of Jacob and Rachel, was born about B.C. 175. (Gen. xxx. 22—24.)

Joseph was a shepherd when he was seventeen years old. (Gen. xxxvii. 2.) Jacob loved Joseph more than all his brethren; and made him a pretty coat of many colours. (Gen. xxxvii. 3.) Joseph was hated by his brethren, because their father loved him more than they. (Gen. xxxvii. 4.) Joseph dreamt, and saw his brethren binding sheaves in a field; and his sheaf arose, and stood upright, and his brethren's sheaves stood around about and made obeisance to his sheaf. (Gen. xxxvii. 7.) And his brethren said very angrily to him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?" And they hated him yet the more for his dreams. (Gen. xxxvii. 8.) He dreamt again, and saw the sun, and moon, and the eleven stars made obeisance to him, (Gen. xxxvii. 9.) He told it to his father and to his brethren; and his father rebuked him. (Gen. xxxvii. 10.) And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. (Gen. xxxvii. 12.) Joseph was called by his father, and he told him to go and see if his sons fed his flock; and if they were well, that he would bring him word. (Gen. xxxvii. 13, 14.) Joseph went to Shechem and sought there for his brethren;

and a man found him, and asked him for what he sought. And Joseph told him that he sought his brethren; and that man told him that they were in Dothan; and Joseph went there, and found them. (Gen. xxxvii. 14—17.) And his brothers hated him, and tried to kill him; and Reuben delivered him out of their hands, and said, “Let us not kill him, but cast him into a pit.” (Gen. xxxvii. 18—22.) And Joseph’s coat of many colours was taken off; and then his brethren cast him into a pit. (Gen. xxxvii. 24.) Then Joseph was sold to the Ishmaelites, by his cruel brethren, for twenty pieces of silver. (Gen. xxxvii. 28.) And Joseph’s coat was dipped into a kid’s blood, and his brethren brought it to their father, and shewed him it; and they deceived him, by telling him that an evil beast had devoured Joseph. (Gen. xxxvii. 32.) And Jacob was very sorrowful, and wept very bitterly for many days, for his beloved Joseph. (Gen. xxxvii. 34, 35.) The Midianites sold Joseph into Egypt, to Potiphar, captain of the guard. (Gen. xxxvii. 36.) The Lord was with him and he blessed him. After this, Joseph was tempted by Potiphar’s wife to do evil; but he refused, and resisted her. (Gen. xxxix.

7, 8.) And then he was cast into prison by his master; but the Lord was with him there. (Gen. xxxix. 20, 21.) The butler and baker of Pharaoh had dreams. They were very sad. (Gen. xl. 1—6.) Joseph asked them why they were sad; and they told him that there was no interpreter of their dreams. He interpreted their dreams. (Gen. xl. 8—19.) He again interpreted Pharaoh's two dreams. (Gen. xli. 25.) Joseph was made governor over all the land of Egypt; and Pharaoh put fine clothes upon him, and made him to ride in a chariot to see all the land of Egypt, and the servants of Pharaoh bowed down to him. (Gen. xli. 41—43.) Joseph married a wife, and had two sons. (Gen. xli. 45, 50—52.) In his days, there was plenty of corn in Egypt seven years; and after this, there was a famine there for seven years, and there was also famine in all the world, and all the countries came to him (Joseph) for corn. (Gen. xli. 47, 49, 54, 57.) And when Jacob heard that there was corn in Egypt, he sent his ten sons to buy corn (Gen. xliii. 1—3): and they went there to Joseph, for corn; and Joseph knew them, but

they knew him not. (Gen. xlii. 8.) He imprisoned them for spies.

Extracts from Note Book.

The following texts are extracted from a little note book found in his box after his death; but with what view he had copied them I am not able to say. On reading them over, however, we cannot but admire the way in which he read and treasured up the different portions of God's Word. I will, therefore, insert them as I find them written in his book:—

“For the kingdom is the Lord's, and He is the governor among the nations,” Ps. xxii. 28. “The hearing ear, and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them,” Prov. xx. 12. “For there is no respect of persons with God,” Rom. ii. 11. “There is none righteous; no, not one,” Rom. iii. 10. “All flesh shall perish together; and man shall return again to the dust,” Job xxxiv. 15. “For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,” Gen. iii. 19. “They shall lie down in dust, and the worm shall cover them,” Job xxi. 26. “His bones are full of the sin of his youth; which shall lie down with him in the

dust," Job xx. 11. "Thou hidest Thy face, they are troubled: Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to the dust," Ps. civ. 29. "All go to the same place; all are of the dust, and all return to the dust again," Ecc. iii. 20. "Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was, and the spirit shall return to God, who gave it," Ecc. xii. 7. "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned," Rom. v. 12. "For the wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord," Rom. vi. 23. "And as it is appointed unto men once to die; but after death, the judgment," Heb. ix. 27. "For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live," Rom. viii. 13. "All flesh is as grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever," Is. xl. 6—8. "He cometh forth like a flower, and

is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not," Job xiv. 2. "But man dieth, and wasteth away. Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" Job xiv. 10. "Now, if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him. Knowing that Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him," Rom. vi. 23.

THE SILENT PRAYER.

We have no tongue to tell our woe;
 No words to ask your care;
 Cut off, as by a two-fold blow,
 From pleasures those around us know,
 Our lot is lonely here below—
 Oh, hear our silent prayer!

We dwell in silence—not a thought
 Can we with others share.
 Ye love the voice with kindness fraught,
 And know the solace it has brought;—
 Think that to us its tone is nought,
 And hear our silent prayer!

NEGLECTED, we must outcasts prove,
 A prey to every snare.
 Then let our wants your pity move,
 To teach us of a Saviour's love,
 And guide our souls to joys above,—
 This is our silent prayer!

Tell of that world where God is King,
 No Deaf—no Dumb are there!
 In ears unstopped sweet anthems ring,
 While heart and voice their offering bring,
 And unloosed tongues His praises sing,
 Who hears our silent prayer!

